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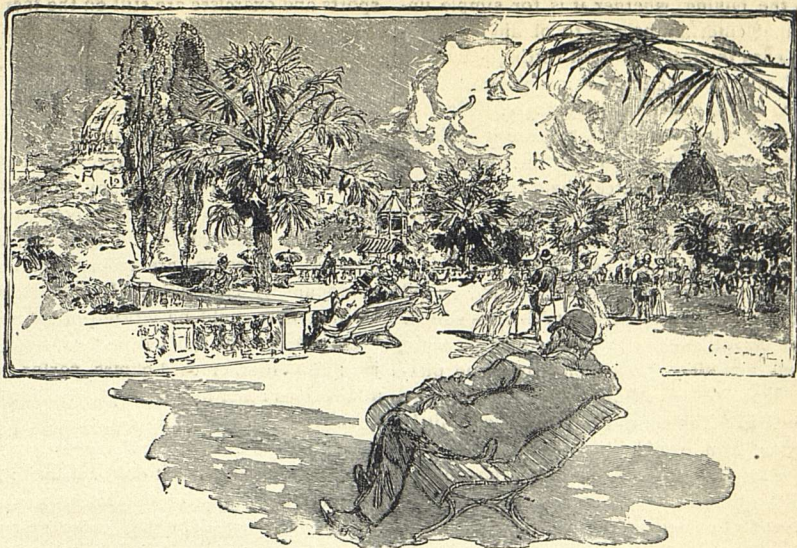
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Reading for the Country.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

And with them come the longing to be in the country, to wander through the fresh clover, to rest under the shade of spreading trees and feast the eyes with the opening buds and blossoms, to lie on the cool green turf by the side of babbling brooks, or to seek the dim solitudes of forests, and for a time forget the troubles of business, the heartaches and disappointments that enter into all lives, and to find rest in new scenes, and consolation in the sweet unconscious ministrations of nature.

There is a witchery in these "perfect days," which makes vagabonds and Bohemians of the best regulated natures. The brilliant sunshine, the blue and tinted skies, the warm caressing air, the perfume of flowers which meets us on all sides even in the crowded city, stir the latent poetry that is to be found in the hearts of the least imaginative. Money seems but dross, and we have it in us to envy the tramp who basks in the park in the noonday sun, soothed by the music of the tinkling fountain. It is well all may have a share in these "perfect days"—from the millionaire to the pale little shop-girl—for mankind rebels wickedly against the restraints of necessity when they will not permit him to rejoice with the beautiful outside world, gay and glad in its holiday attire.

Guide books and maps are generally in order in June. Now is the time each one plans what he or she will do during the hot summer months.

Routes are laid out and expenses computed, and trunks, big and small, dragged from their winter refuge, to be near at hand for packing.

We would like to assist in the packing of these trunks by placing some books or a book in each one of them, and thus assuring their owners the certainty of many additional hours of unalloyed pleasure—hours which often become wearisome even amid the most charming haunts of nature, for nature is capricious and changeable. It is singular that with the immense amount of articles thought necessary, even for the briefest absence from home, books are rarely considered. Indeed, if by chance a few are selected to accompany the traveller, they are generally at the last moment found to be the one thing too much for the elastic "Saratoga." One cannot do without the thousand extravagances of the toilet, without bonbons, without laces and ruffles and jewels—but books may always be borrowed. Such is the philosophy of a large majority of those who fill our summer resorts. Now do not depend on borrowing a book from a friend but buy your own books, and revel in the delight of anticipation and the joy of possession. Allow yourself the exquisite pleasure, for it is such, of visiting a convenient book-store, and of seeing and examining all the new books that cultured people are reading and discussing. Buy one of these books for some reason; it really does not matter a great deal what the reason is, as long as there is a pur-

pose in the buying, whether it is for simple unadulterated entertainment or to obtain information. Learn the fascination of cutting leaves for yourself, and breathing the atmosphere of fresh print, and clean, sweet-smelling pages. We have seen a twenty-five cent novel, because it could be borrowed, go from hand to hand in the country house until the pages scarcely held together, and so dog-eared and dirty that the dust-heap, its final destination, seemed disgraced by it; and yet dainty fingers did not hesitate to handle it—fingers that sparkled with diamonds and would have shrunk from touching a hand half as soiled. This haphazard reading brings neither pleasure nor profit, and often is a sad blot upon the picturesque figure the beautiful reader imagines she is presenting. Take our advice and think a little about what you would like to read before you lock your trunk. Perhaps you have been seeking time all through the winter in a busy life to read a biography of some one of your ideals; perhaps you have a fancy to know flowers or birds a little more intimately than as a mere admirer; perhaps your fad is tennis, or boating, or fencing, or rowing; or perhaps you enjoy a novel simply because it is a novel; because its ideal presentment of life is a rest after the commonplace that is the general lot. Why not plan to indulge one of these desires, or all of them? Books are written on all subjects, and no matter how well posted you may think yourself there is always something still to learn. And how much cheaper for mind and purse to buy a good novel, than to borrow a trashy one.

Readers are referred to our lists to make their selections. They will find under "The New Novels" the cream of recent fiction. There are so many excellent novels among them, that it seems invidious to select any one or two for special mention. All the favorite writers of this particular class of literature have turned out new works during the year. Crawford offers two new novels. Kipling is represented by a half dozen volumes of his original stories. Mrs. Alexander, "The Duchess," Adeline Sergeant, Fenn, Fawcett, Rider Haggard, Howells, James, Bret Harte, and Harold Frederic, are names that carry a certainty of enjoyment, and they all appear on one or more title pages. "Description and Travel" embraces books of this class written within a year. There seems to have been a special charm in Alaska and Africa for the American travellers, as many of the volumes have these strongly contrasting countries for their subjects. But few parts of the globe have been neglected by enterprising investigators. Life under many skies is brought before readers by graphic writers. Manuals for out-door

sports and exercises are still on the increase, and new methods for increasing or reducing the flesh or improving the muscle are plentiful. We have quoted the very latest.

The evening is generally a trying time in the country. People brought together through accident, and, very frequently, only for a short time, are not apt to have many thoughts in common. Conversation consequently languishes, and to kill the time, cards, round games, charades, proverbs, and so on, are resorted to, and grow in popularity each year. It would seem as if nothing new could be written about whist, but there are several fresh little books on the subject; also on other card-games, parlor theatricals and various other means for promoting sociability at the summer resort.

Botany and ornithology have been so popularized and simplified, that old or young may derive pleasure from any of the latest works in this field. They are delightful companions for the traveller, increasing his joys as they add to his knowledge. We place our riches at the feet of the prospective tourist, and beg him to make his choice. Whether it be a guide-book out of the almost innumerable ones to all parts of Europe and America, which our lists offer him, or a paper novel for his gripsack, he carries with them our best wishes for new life and health and strength, wherever or however sought, "in the leafy month of June."

SUMMER.

A FRAGMENT.

From Winter's "Gray Days and Gold." (Macmillan.)

HIGH on the crest of the blossoming grasses,
Bending and swaying with face toward the sky,
Stirred by the lightest west wind as it passes,
Hosts of the silver-white daisy-stars lie!

I, looking up through the mists of the flowers,
I, lying low on the earth thrilled with June,
Give not a thought to the vanishing hours,
Save that they melt into twilight too soon!

Blossoms of peaches float down for my cover—
Snowflakes that blushed to be kissed by the sun—
Blossoms of apples drift over and over,
White they with grief that their short day is done!

Buttercup's lanterns are lighted about me,
Burly red clover's warm cheek presses mine;
Powdery bee never once seems to doubt me,
Tipping each chalice for Summer's new wine!

Tiny white butterflies ("Brides" children name them)
Flicker and glimmer, and turn in their flight;
Surely the sunshine suffices to tame them,
Close to my hand they will swing and alight!

Small timid breezes, than butterflies shyer,
Just for a moment soft buffet my face,
Then fly away to the tree-tops and higher,
Shaking down shadows o'er every bright space.

A Unique Corner of the Earth.

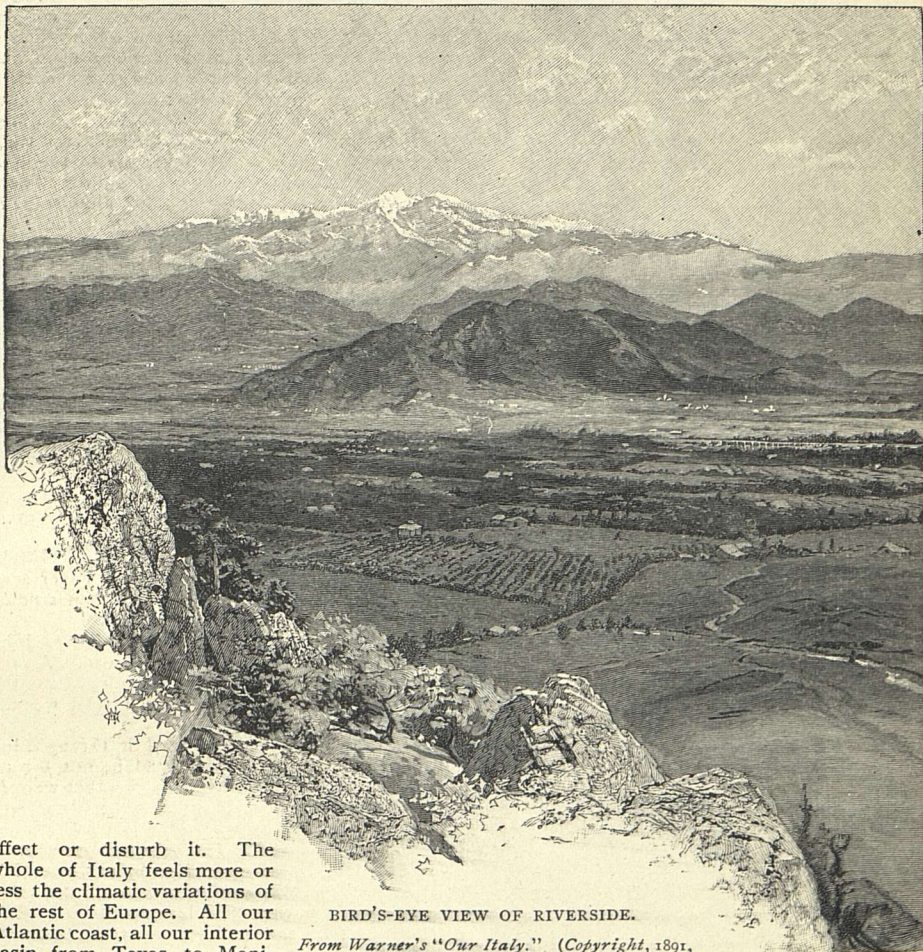
From Warner's "Our Italy." (Harper.)

THE United States has here, then, a unique corner of the earth, without its like in its own vast territory, and unparalleled, so far as I know in the world. Shut off from sympathy with external conditions by the giant mountain ranges and the desert wastes, it has its own climate unaffected by cosmic changes. Except a tidal-wave from Japan, nothing would seem to be able to

Taking People's Advice.

From Jerome's "Diary of a Pilgrimage." (Holt.)

I THINK it is always right to take other people's advice in matters where they know more than you do. It is the experience of those who have gone before that makes the way smooth for them who follow. So, after supper, I got together the things I had been advised to take with me, and arranged them on the bed, adding a few articles I had thought of all by myself.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RIVERSIDE.

From Warner's "Our Italy." (Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.)

affect or disturb it. The whole of Italy feels more or less the climatic variations of the rest of Europe. All our Atlantic coast, all our interior basin from Texas to Manitoba, is in climatic sympathy.

Here is a region larger than New England which manufactures its own weather and refuses to import any other.

With considerable varieties of temperature according to elevation or protection from the ocean breeze, its climate is nearly as agreeable as that of the Hawaiian Islands, though pitched in a lower key, and with greater variations between day and night. The key to its peculiarity, aside from its southern exposure, is the Colorado Desert.

Only ten miles away on the east the summers are the hottest and only sixty miles on the west the coolest known in the United States (except on this coast) and between them is every combination that mountains and valleys can produce.

I put up plenty of writing paper and a bottle of ink, along with a dictionary and a few other books of reference, in case I should feel inclined to do any work while I was away. I always like to be prepared for work; one never knows when one may feel inclined for it. Sometimes when I have been away, and have forgotten to bring any paper and pens and ink with me, I have felt so inclined for writing; and it has quite upset me that, in consequence of not having brought any paper and pens and ink with me, I have been unable to sit down and do a lot of work, but have been compelled, instead, to lounge about all day with my hands in my pockets.

Accordingly, I always take plenty of paper and pens and ink with me now, wherever I go, so that

when the desire for work comes to me I need not check it.

That this craving for work should have troubled me so often, when I had no paper, pens, and ink by me, and that it never, by any chance, visits me now, when I am careful to be in a position to gratify it, is a matter over which I have often puzzled.

But when it does come I shall be ready for it.

I also put on the bed a few volumes of Goethe, because I thought it would be so pleasant to read him in his own country. And I decided to take a sponge, together with a small portable bath, because a cold bath is so refreshing the first thing in the morning.

B. came in just as I had got everything into a pile. He stared at the bed and asked me what I was doing. I told him I was packing.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were moving! What do you think we are going to do—camp out?"

"No," I replied. "But these are the things I have been advised to take with me. What is the use of people giving you advice if you don't take it?"

He said:

"Oh! take as much advice as you like; that always comes in useful to give away. But, for goodness sake, don't get carrying all that stuff about with you. People will take us for gypsies."

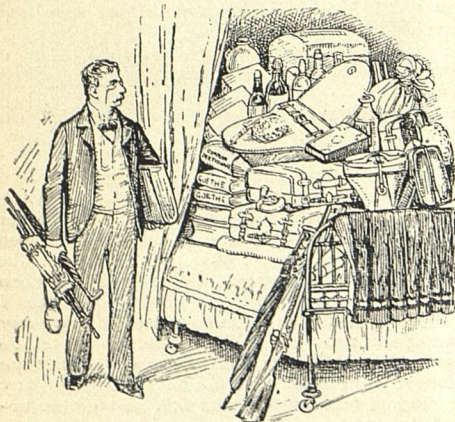
I said:

"Now, it's no use your talking nonsense. Half the things on this bed are life-preserving things. If people go into Germany without these things, they come home and die."

And I related to him what the doctor and the vicar and the other people had told me, and explained to him how my life depended upon my taking brandy and blankets and sunshades and plenty of warm clothing with me.

He is a man utterly indifferent to danger and risk—incurred by other people—is B. He said:

"Oh, rubbish! You're not the sort that catches a cold and dies young. You leave that co-operative store of yours at home, and pack up a toothbrush, a comb, a pair of socks and a shirt. That's all you'll want."



A FEW THINGS WHICH ARE INDISPENSABLE.

From "Diary of a Pilgrimage." (Holt.)

The Love of Knowledge.

From Murray's "The Man Who Missed It."

(De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.)

"I WAS born with the love of knowledge in me, John Norton—the love to know how things were made, and how things could be made. I used to open the nuts that I might know how the shells were constructed, and from what point the kernel started to grow. I used to split the apples open before I ate them, to find which way their seeds lay, and to learn how they grew round the centre. And I used to wonder what colored their skins, and made them so red and bright. I used to lie by the ant-hills in the warm sun, and see the little busy things come and go, and noticed how they carried their loads; and longed to get inside of their mounds and see what they did—how they made their chambers, and kept their archways from falling. I have lain by the hour in the leaves, and seen the great yellow spiders weave their webs, and hang their filmy traps in the air that they might catch their food. I climbed a thousand trees and studied a thousand nests, and found that each bird had his own way and fashion of making his home, and saw that they could do things that man could not do; for I used to work for hours trying to place the hairs and the mosses, the bits of bark and the stolen string, as the bird would place them, and I found I could not do it, John Norton."

"No," said the Trapper; "the creeturs that the Lord has made be wiser than men arter their fashion."

"It is even so," said the man; "and as a boy I grew to know it. I did not know at the time that I was a student, but I studied much before I saw a book."

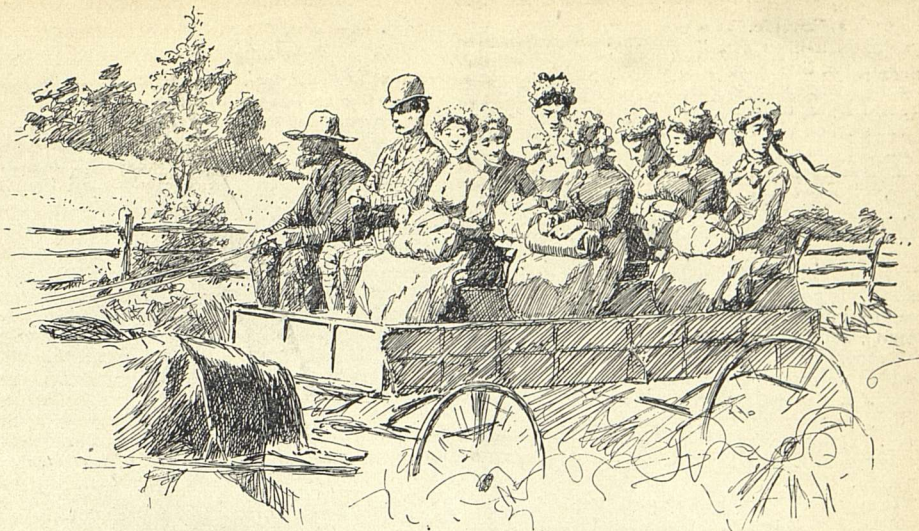
"I don't doubt it," said the Trapper. "Books is good enough in their way, but I never seed more than two or three men that had studied books that wasn't dreadfully ignorant."

"The first joy that came to my life, John Norton, was when I learned to read. An old pauper woman in the poorhouse taught me the letters; and the first book that I read was the Bible."

"It took me a year to read it through, but it made the year happy. I read it, not for its wisdom, but for the strange stories that were in it, and the things that delight a boy; but when I was done I knew how to read, and I had a longing to read—a longing I cannot describe. Did you ever long to know a thing, John Norton?"

"Sartin," answered the Trapper; "I run acrost a track in the snow last winter that made me oneasy; fur the track was the track of a panther, but it walked with the legs of a man; leastwise, it made but one track where it ought to make two. And the pups was oneasy, too; fur they wouldn't foller the thing. I trailed it fur two days, fur I had sot my mind on knowin' what the creetur was that the pups wouldn't foller, and whose track didn't tell me his name. And the second day, jest as it was gettin' dark, I come upon him; and it was standin' up like a man, and I must say it started me a leetle; fur I come on it suddenly, and met it face to face. But I drewed on it, fur I was sartin it wasn't anything human; and I lined the sights to send the lead atween the eyes. My finger was on the trigger, and the pressure was gittin' steady, fur I'd never seed such a thing afore, and I was de-tarmined to know what the creetur was, and"—

"What was it, John Norton?"



A WAGGON-LOAD OF NURSE MAIDS.

From "The Squirrel Inn." (Copyright, 1891, by The Century Co.)

The Baby, the Man, and the Mastery.

From Stockton's "The Squirrel Inn." (Century Magazine.)

THE young man drew the baby-carriage to the bench by the rail and, seating himself, gazed with interest upon its youthful occupant. This individual appeared to be about two years of age, with its mother's eyes and a combative disposition. The latter was indicated by the manner in which it banged its own legs and the sides of its carriage with a wicker bludgeon that had once been a rattle. It looked earnestly at the young man, and gave the edges of its carriage a whack which knocked the bludgeon out of his hand. Lodloe picked up the weapon, and, restoring it to its owner, began to commune with himself.

"It is the same old story," he thought. "The mother desires to be rid of the infant; she leaves it for a moment in the charge of a stranger; she is never seen again. However, I accept the situation. If she doesn't come back this baby is mine. It seems like a good sort of baby, and I think I shall like it. Yes, youngster, if your mother doesn't come back you are mine. I shall not pass you over to the police or to any one else; I shall run you myself."

It was now half past nine. Lodloe arose and looked out over the pier. He could see nothing of the young mother.

"I knew it," said Lodloe, unconsciously speaking aloud; "she hadn't the slightest idea of coming back. Now, then," said he, "I own a baby, and I must consider what I am to do with it. One thing is certain, I intend to keep it. I believe I can get more solid comfort and fun out of a baby than I could possibly get out of a dog or even a horse."

Lodloe gazed with much satisfaction at his new acquisition. He was no stickler for conventionalities, and did not in the least object to appear at his destination—where he knew no one—with a baby and a carriage.

At this moment the baby gave a great wave with its empty rattle, and, losing its hold upon it, the wicker weapon went overboard. Then

after feeling about in its lap, and peering over the side of the carriage, the baby began to whimper.

"Now then," thought the young man, "here's my chance. I must begin instantly to teach it that I am its master."

Leaning forward, he looked sternly into the child's face, and in a sharp, quick tone said:

"Whoa!"

The baby stopped instantly, and stared at its new guardian.

"There," thought Lodloe, "if is just the same with a baby as with a horse. Be firm, be decided; it knows what you want, and it will do it."

At this instant the baby opened its mouth, uttered a wild wail, and continued wailing.

The young man looked around him for assistance. The forward upper deck was without an awning, and was occupied only by a few men, the majority of the passengers preferring the spacious and shaded after-deck. Two of the men were laughing at Lodloe.

"That's a new way," one of them called out to him, "to shut up a young one. Did it ever work?"

"It didn't this time," answered Lodloe. "Have you any young ones?"

"Five," answered the man.

"And how do you stop them when they howl like that?"

"I leave that to the old woman," was the answer, "and when she's heard enough of it she spansks 'em."

Lodloe shook his head. That method did not suit him.

"If you'd run its wagon around the deck," said another man, "perhaps that would stop it. I guess you was never left alone with a baby before."

"If you could feed it," said one of the men who had spoken before, "that might stop it, but the best thing you can do is to take it down to its mother."

"That can't be done. The little thing has lost its mother."

The man who had last spoken looked compassionately at Lodloe.

"That's a hard case," he said; "I know all about it, for I've been in that boat myself. My wife died just as I was going to sail for this country, and I had to bring over the two babies. I was as seaisick as blazes, and had to take care of 'em night and day. I tell you, sir, you've got a hard time ahead of you; but feedin' s the only thing. I'll get you something. Is it on milk yet, or can it eat biscuit?"

Lodloe looked at the open mouth of the vociferous infant and saw teeth.

"Biscuit will do," he said, "or perhaps a banana. If you can get me something of the sort I will be much obliged;" and he gave the man some money.

The messenger soon returned with an assortment of refreshments, among which, happily, was not a banana, and the baby soon stopped wailing to suck an enormous stick of striped candy. Quiet having been restored to this part of the vessel, Lodloe sat down to reconsider the situation.

"It may be," he said to himself, "that I shall have to take it to an asylum, but I shall let it stay there only during the period of unintelligent howling. When it is old enough to understand that I am its master, then I shall take it in hand again. It is ridiculous to suppose that a human being cannot be as easily trained as a horse."

The more he considered the situation the better he liked it. The possession of a healthy and vigorous youngster without encumbrances was to him a novel and delightful sensation.

"I hope," he said to himself, "that when the country girl dresses it she will find no label on its clothes, nor any sign which might enable one to discover the original owners. I don't want anybody coming up to claim it after we've got to be regular chums."

"When I get the little bouncer to Squirrel Inn I shall be all right, but I must have the relationship defined before I arrive there." And to the planning and determination of that he now gave his mind.

The Railroad Scheme.

From Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THIS morning, however, there was a touch of genuine enthusiasm about Fitz. He rushed into the office, caught up the blue bundle and the map, nearly upsetting the colonel, who was balanced back in his chair with his long legs over the desk — a favorite attitude when down town — rushed out, and returned in half an hour with a fat body surmounted by a bald head fringed about with gray curls.

He was the advance agent of that mysterious combination known to the financial world as an "English syndicate," an elusive sort of commercial sea-serpent with its head in London and its tail around the globe. The "inquiry" which had so gladdened the colonel's heart the morning of the breakfast with Aunt Nancy had proceeded from this rotund negotiator.

The colonel had, as usual, started the road at Cartersville, and had gotten as far as the double-span iron bridge over the Trench when the rotund gentleman asked abruptly:

"How far are you from a coal-field?"

The colonel lifted the point of his pen, adjusted his glasses, and punched a hole in the rumpled



HE-HE!

From "Col. Carter of Cartersville." (Copyright, 1891, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

map within a hair's breadth of a black dot labeled "Cartersville."

"Right there, suh. Within a stone's throw of our locomotives."

Fitz looked into the hole with as much astonishment as if it were the open mouth of the mine itself.

The fat man communed with himself a moment, and then said suddenly, "I'll take the papers and give you an answer in a week," and hurried away.

Loosened from Fitz's pinioning grasp, the colonel, entirely oblivious to his friend's sudden interest in the coal-field, and slightly impatient at the delay, bounded like a balloon with its anchors cut.

"An answer from the syndicate within a week! My dear Fitz, I see yo' drift. You have kept the Garden Spots for the foreign investors. That man is impressed, suh; I saw it in his eye."

The room began filling up with the various customers and loungers common to such offices: the debonaire gentleman in check trousers and silk hat, with a rose in his button-hole, who dusts his trousers broadside with his cane — short of one hundred shares with thirty per cent. margin; the shabby old man with a solemn face who watches the ticker a moment and then wanders aimlessly out, looking more like an underpaid clerk in a law office than the president of a crosstown railroad — long of one thousand shares with no margin at all; the nervous man who stops the messenger boys and devours the sales' lists before they can be skewered on the files — not a dollar's interest either way; and, last of all, the brokers with little pads and nimble pencils.

The news that the great English syndicate was looking into the C. & W. A. L. R. R. was soon around the office, and each *habitué* had a bright word for the colonel, congratulating him on the favorable turn his affairs had taken.

All but old Klutchem, a broker in unlisted securities, who had been trying for weeks to get a Denver land scheme before the same syndicate, and had failed.

"Garden Spot bonds! Bosh! Road begins nowhere and ends nowhere. If any set of fools built it, the only freight it would get, outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes, would be razor-back hogs and niggers. I wouldn't give a yellow dog for enough of those securities to paper a church."

Reine Among the Trees.

From Theuriot's "Queen of the Woods." (Laird & Lee.)

"WHAT shall I do? I do not care for hunting; I do not take any interest in the slaughter of innocent beasts."

"I understand that you do not like hunting for the sake of hunting. But the exercise in the open air, in the woods? Our forests are so beautiful! See, does not that speak a language of its own?" And she pointed from the height upon which they stood to the forest enveloped in a fairy-like and virginal robe.

"Yes, it is pretty," acknowledged Julien; "I have never paid any attention to such sights; it is you who have caused me to notice them for the first time. But," he added with a sigh, "as the sun rises higher, all that phantasmagoria will melt and vanish. The beauty is short-lived and it is an admonition to us not to place too much value on perishable things."

Reine glanced at him in astonishment.

"Do you think so?" she cried. "I am not learned enough to answer you. All that I know is that if God created those beautiful things, he did so for us to enjoy them. And that is why I admire our woods. Ah, if you could see them in June when the leaves are fully out! There are flowers everywhere: yellow, blue, crimson! There is music everywhere, too: that of the birds and streams; and everything smells so sweetly; the limes, the wild cherry trees, the bushes, red with berries! Whatever you may say, M. de Buxieres, I assure you that the beauty of the forest is not a perishable thing. It is renewed each season — in autumn when the wild fruits and leaves give it colors so rich; in winter, with its carpet of snow, from which the tall beeches rise so high. Look!"

They were beneath the trees; over their heads was an arch of interlacing branches, about them an almost religious silence.

"Is it not grand?" asked Reine, with animation. "One could fancy one's self in a cathedral! Oh, yes, I love the forest! I feel tempted to pray!"

Julien looked at her with uneasy admiration. She trod as if in a church — so softly. Her white hood had fallen upon her shoulders and her hair, slightly disordered, formed a brown aureole around her olive face. Her almond-shaped eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes and her delicate nostrils dilated. Among such surroundings

she resembled a priestess of some mysterious temple of nature. At that moment she looked so true a picture of her name, "Queen of the Woods," that Julien, while moved by her peculiar beauty, shuddered superstitiously as he recalled the legends of his childhood. He asked himself if, like the Lamias and Dryads of old, that "Queen of the Woods" was not an elementary spirit embodied in the form of a woman, sent to ruin his soul.

He followed her fearfully at a distance. Suddenly she turned as if to bid him hasten. He then perceived that they had reached the end of the forest of old trees, and that before them the section spread its glades; among the trees rose



REINE VINCART.

Slightly reduced illustration from "Queen of the Woods." (Copyright, 1891, by Laird & Lee.)

a cloud of smoke which indicated the encampment of the wood-cutters.

Reine proceeded in that direction and presented the new master to the workmen. They bowed awkwardly and glanced sharply at him in the manner of mountain peasants. The head woodman, replying to Reine's remarks, said in a familiar tone:

"Make yourself easy, Mademoiselle, they will act for the best."

An Old Forest Patriarch.

From Bazan's "A Christian Woman." (Cassell.)

WE took our coffee in the Tejo and I gazed attentively at that respectable patriarch of the vegetable world which was destined to play a certain part in my life. The enormous rugged trunk fantastically covered with moss, with its bark alive and sound in spite of age, easily supported the majestic branches of the giant of the *Ria*, as it was styled in poetic parlance by the writers and correspondents of the Madrid journals when they came to pass the summer there. The manner in which it grew and spread its foliage of an intensely dark green had something of Biblical impressiveness. It was impossible to look at the yew-tree without profound veneration, as a symbol of exuberant and maternal nature which had brought forth such a sovereign organism.

The ocean, enamored of the beauty of Galicia, embraces her lovingly with its waves, kisses and fondles her with its spray, surrounds her, caresses her, and extends towards her a blue hand eager to press the soft roundness of the coast. The spreading fingers of this hand are the *Rias*. There the air is purer, softer, and more fragrant, while the vegetation is more southern and luxuriant. That Tejo, king of all other trees, only on the border of a *Ria*, and on land enriched by its waters, could spread itself with such lordly pride. It was the real monument of that region. It gave a name to the country seat; it served as a landmark to the boatmen and fishermen when in doubt how to find their way back to St. Andrés. From its lofty summit one could overlook the surrounding country, and see not only the hamlets on the seashore, but also the group of islands, the famous *Casiterides* of the ancient geographers, and the boundless extent of a sea almost Grecian in its quiet beauty.

In order to build the three balconies, one above another, which adorned it, neither great architectural science nor unusual skill was needed. All they had to do was to take advantage of the splendid horizontal position of its branches, and build on that strong foundation some circular platforms, guarded by a light balustrade, running around them.

The winding staircase found a natural support in the very trunk of the giant. Its foliage was so dense that no one, from the ground, could see those who were taking coffee or refreshments in the second story, nor those who were dancing in the first, while the person who climbed to the third had to come to the front of the balcony in order to be seen.

Each story had its name. The first was the ball-room, the second the supper-room and the third "Bellavista."

An Author's Den.

From Capt. King's "Trials of a Staff Officer." (Lippincott.)

HAVING retired from active service, Mr. X. found that his pen was all he had with which to eke out a scanty income, and earn a home for the wife and olive-branches. There were several of the latter now, and dollars flew from his hands faster than he could amass them. For a time there was a nook in the garret, a dark corner far aloft in the big house of an indulgent relation, where X. had a refuge and where he could work uninterruptedly, so long as he could stand the fumes of the kerosene lamp—there was no

other light but a gas-jet in the shop—and between the gloom and the close atmosphere it wasn't the liveliest place for composition, but it was generally far above the danger of interruption, and that was the main thing for a fellow whose ideas did not flow spontaneously at all, but had to be dragged out by the roots, as it were. It was up in this dark and gloomy, but most acceptable den that X. wrote and studied, grinding out a big book of some eight hundred pages for an Eastern publisher on some "Famous Battles" of history, and finding some happiness in the ten weeks' wrestle which resulted in the production of "Marion's Faith,"—the first sequel to "The Colonel's Daughter." Then we were able to move into rather pleasanter quarters as a household, though still crowded in the winters, while the summers were spent up under the beautiful bluffs of Lake Pepin, and at last—at last came the time when the longed-for roost of our own seemed a possibility.

"What makes it loveliest of all," said *placens uxor*, as she glanced about her cozy little parlor and library ("Between the Lines" had furnished our pretty nook "from turret to foundation-stone"), "is that now at last you have your own den shut off from the rest of the world, and there you can work utterly uninterrupted."

It was alluring. It did look plausible. Aside from the deep, deep thanksgiving that filled his heart for such a bright, cheery, homelike nest for the wife and little ones, there was a heart-felt sense of gratitude that here he might be able to delve at the trade which force of circumstances had assigned him, and be free from the score of interruptions that beset him elsewhere. The selected "den" overlooked the children's playground at the back of the house. It also overlooked many of the neighbors' back yards, the tennis-court of our small club, the lake-side drive of the metropolis, and beyond, the sparkling dancing waves of old Michigan. "There's inspiration for you!" was the daily declaration of the lady friends whom Mrs. X. delightedly brought up to show over the premises, and in course of time the test was to be made.

Aspirations.

From Butler's "Flute and Violin." (Harper.)

ON his way down town he passed the little music store of Mr. Luba, which was one block this side of the Kentucky Hotel. He was all eagerness to reach the museum, but his ear caught the sounds of the violin, and he forgot everything else in his desire to go in and speak with Tom, for Tom was his lord and master.

"Tom, are you going to see the wax figures?" he cried, with trembling haste, curling himself on top of the keg of nails in his accustomed corner of the little lumber-room. But Tom paid no attention to the question or questioner, being absorbed in executing an intricate passage of "O Thou Fount of Every Blessing!" For the moment David forgot his question himself, absorbed likewise in witnessing this envied performance.

When Tom had finished, he laid the violin across his knees and wiped his brow with his shirt-sleeves. "Don't you know that you oughtn't talk to me when I'm performing?" he said, loftily, not deigning to look at his offending auditor. "Don't you know that it disturbs a fiddler to be spoken to when he's performing?"

Tom was an overgrown, rawboned lad of some fifteen years, with stubby red hair, no eyebrows, large watery blue eyes, and a long neck with a big Adam's apple.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, Tom," said David, in a tone of the deepest penitence. "You know that I'd rather hear you play than anything."

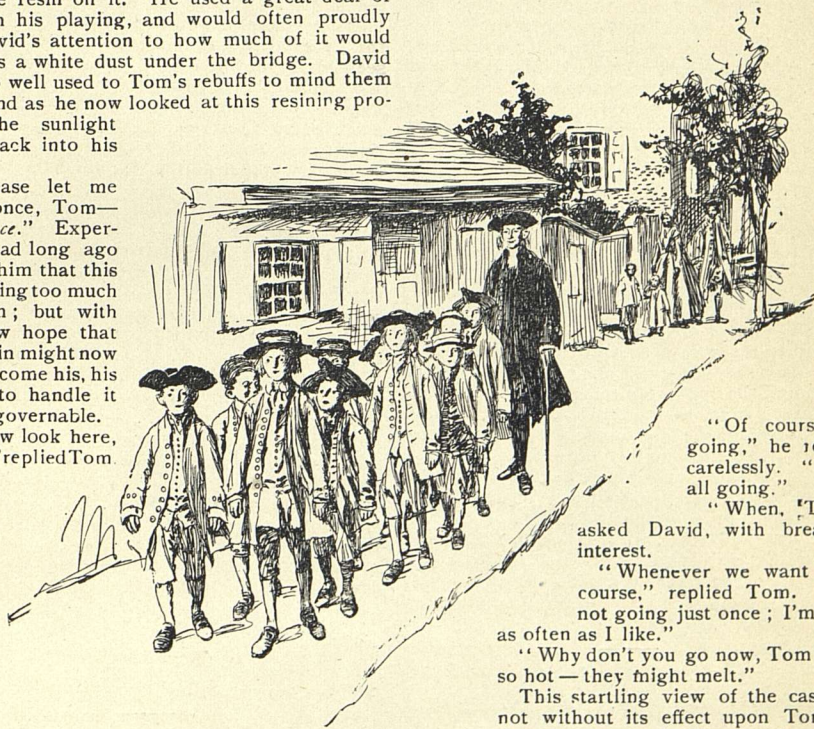
"Father got the thousand-dollar prize," said Tom coldly, accepting the apology for the sake of the compliment.

"Oh, Tom! I'm so glad! Hurrah!" shouted David, waving his old blue cap around his head, his face transfigured with joy, his heart leaping with a sudden hope, and now at last he could get the violin.

But Tom had taken up the bow and was rubbing the resin on it. He used a great deal of resin in his playing, and would often proudly call David's attention to how much of it would settle as a white dust under the bridge. David was too well used to Tom's rebuffs to mind them long, and as he now looked at this resining process, the sunlight came back into his face.

"Please let me try it once, Tom—just once." Experience had long ago taught him that this was asking too much of Tom; but with the new hope that the violin might now soon become his, his desire to handle it was ungovernable.

"Now look here, David," replied Tom.



THE PARSON AND HIS FLOCK.

From "Flute and Violin." (Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.)

with a great show of kindness in his manner, "I'd let you try it once, but you'd spoil the tone. It's taken me a long time to get a good tone into this fiddle, and you'd take it all out the very first whack. As soon as you learn to get a good tone out of it, I'll let you play on it. Don't you *know* you'd spoil it, if I was to let you try it *now*?" he added, suddenly wheeling with tremendous energy upon his timid petitioner.

"I'm afraid I would, Tom," replied David, with a voice full of anguish.

"But just listen to me," said Tom; and taking up the violin, he rendered the opening passage of "O Thou Fount of Every Blessing!" Scarcely had he finished when a customer entered the shop, and he hurried to the front, leaving the violin and the bow on the chair that he had quitted.

No sooner was he gone than the little figure

slipped noiselessly from its perch, and hobbling quickly to the chair on which the violin lay, stood beside it in silent love. Touch it he durst not; but his sensitive, delicate hands passed tremblingly over it, and his eyes dwelt upon it with unspeakable longing. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, and hastened to the front of the shop. Tom had already dismissed his customer, and was standing in the door, looking down the street in the direction of the Kentucky Hotel, where a small crowd had collected around the entrance of the museum.

As David stepped out upon the sidewalk, it was the sight of this crowd that recalled him to a new sorrow.

"Tom," he cried, with longing, "are you going to see the wax figures?"

"Of course I'm going," he replied, carelessly. "We're all going."

"When, Tom?" asked David, with breathless interest.

"Whenever we want to, of course," replied Tom. "I'm not going just once; I'm going as often as I like."

"Why don't you go now, Tom? It's so hot—they might melt."

This startling view of the case was not without its effect upon Tom, although a suggestion from such a source was not to be respected. He merely threw his eyes up toward the heavens and said, sturdily: "You ninny! they'll not melt. Don't you see it's going to rain and turn cooler?"

"I'll bet you *I'd* not wait for it to turn cooler. I'll bet you *I'd* be in there before you could say Jack Robinson, if I had a quarter," said David, with resolution.

All that long afternoon he hung in feverish excitement around the door of the museum. There was scarce a travelling show in Kentucky in those days. It was not strange if to this idler of the streets, in whom imagination was all-powerful, and in whose heart quivered ungovernable yearnings for the heroic, the poetic, and the beautiful, this day of the first exhibition of wax figures was the most memorable of his life.

It was so easy for everybody to go in who wished; so impossible for him. . . . Once with the courage of despair, he seized the arm of a lad as he came out.

"Oh, Bobby, tell me all about it!"

Barbara Shoeing Miss Brown.

From Macdonald's "There and Back." (Lothrop.)

"COME, come, missie," said the red-faced, white-whiskered, jolly old smith, "I'm king in my own shop, and you must do as I tell you!"

Thereupon Barbara, who had stood out only for the fun of the thing, put on the leather apron with its large bib, and set about her work.

Richard did not offer to put on the first shoe: he believed she had so often watched the operation, that she must know perfectly what to do. Nor was he disappointed. She proceeded like an adept. Happily Miss Brown was very good. She was neither hungry nor thirsty; she had had just enough exercise to make her willing to breathe a little; nothing had gone wrong on the way to upset her delicate nerves—for gentle and loving as she always was, she was apt to be both apprehensive and touchy; her digestion was all right, for she had had neither too much corn nor too much grass; therefore she stood quite still, and if not exactly full of faith, was yet troubled by no doubt as to the ability of her mistress to put on her shoes for her—iron though they were, and to be fastened with long sharp nails.

Richard was nowise astonished at Barbara's coolness, or her courage, or the business-like way in which she tucked the great hoof under her arm, or even at the accurate aim which brought the right sort of blow down on the head of nail after nail in true line with its length; but he was astonished at the strength of her little hand, the hardness of her muscles, covered with just fat enough to make form and movement alike beautiful, and the knowing skill with which she twisted off the ends of the nails: the quick turn necessary she seemed to have by nature. In her keen watching, she had so identified herself with the operator, that perfect insight had supplied the place of active experience, and seemed almost to have waked some ancient instinct that operated independent of consciousness. The mare was shod, and well shod, without any accident; and Richard felt no anxiety as he lifted the little lady to her back, and saw her canter away as if she had been presented with fresh feathery wings instead of only fresh iron shoes.

New York City in 1833.

From "She Loved a Sailor." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"WHAT have you seen to day, father?"

"The sunniest, breeziest, liveliest city under the sun. I have been down to the Battery, and across to Hanover Square. Nothing except an Italian sky could have been bluer than the sky above New York to-day; and the bright red of the brick houses, and the golden green of the trees, and all the stir and color of the Broadway crowd, was enchanting."

"I wish I had been with you, father."

"I stood on the Battery some time, and looked at the slanting sails of the great packets on the horizon, and the red and black smoke-stacks of the crafts puffing and paddling about the river, and the great ferryboats toiling between shores. Everything, everywhere, was moving—moving fast. Even the man calling 'ice-cream' was out of sight before I could get the twopenny piece I wanted to give him for the sake of the familiar cry."

"Yet Jane says more than three thousand people died from cholera last summer. I dare say they were not missed in the crowd."

"To the sight they are not, but the heart

picks out the empty places. In many stores I found vacancies that represent broken homes, and losses never to be repaired. We left New York just in time to escape the epidemic and the presidential election."

"Are there many changes on Broadway?"

"Some new buildings, and I am told that Mr. Astor is going to pull down all the houses between Barclay and Vesey Streets, and build a grand hotel there. It is to cost him six hundred thousand dollars."

"Will it pay?"

"If he makes it splendid enough. Really, Virginia, New York is fonder of display than any Old World city we have visited."

"New York has plenty of money; she is open-handed, and likes to spend it. Were there many ladies out?"

"The lower part of Broadway was crowded with open carriages full of ladies shopping. And how pretty our women are! Under their large gay bonnets and bright-colored parasols their delicate faces looked like flowers. I stood at the Park awhile and watched them passing; it was easy to recognize those I know, for the carriages were constantly getting tangled up with the hurrying carts and drags, and the omnibuses racing and rolling up and down the crowded thoroughfare."

"Oh, the omnibuses! Are they still running?"

"They have been redecorated. The 'Lady Washington' and the 'Lady Jackson' outvie each other in pictured beauty in scarlet and yellow and apple-green. And the arrogance of their drivers is something wonderful. They think the street belongs to them. If we have an autocrat in America, the omnibus driver is the man."

"You forget King Andrew Jackson!"

"The cases are not comparable. As for Jackson being an autocrat, we had better have one autocrat than half a dozen. What could the country do with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and Nicholas Biddle? We ought to be grateful that we have one man stronger than all of them, and able to keep them in order."

"Can Jackson do that?"

"He can do it. There is no living man whose 'yea' can stand against Jackson's 'nay.' But when he comes to fighting ideas instead of men, that is a different thing."

A Highly Cultured Fiancée.

From Anstey's "Tourmalin's Time Cheques." (Appleton.)

AT all events, when he met Sophia again, he had been able to convince her that her doubts of his constancy, even under the most trying conditions, were entirely undeserved. Now he was receiving his recompense; his engagement to Sophia was no longer conditional, but a recognized and irrevocable fact. It is superfluous to say that he was happy. Sophia had set herself to repair the deficiencies in his education and culture; she took him to scientific lectures and classical concerts, and made him read standard authors without skipping. He felt himself daily acquiring balance and seriousness, and an accurate habit of thought, and all the other qualities which Sophia wished him to cultivate.

Still, there were moments when he felt the need of halting and recovering his wind, so to speak, in the steep and toilsome climb to her superior mental level—times when he felt that his overtaxed brain absolutely required relaxation of some sort.

He felt this particularly one dreary morning, as he sat in his London chambers, staring with lack-luster eyes at the letter he had that day received from his betrothed. For, although they met nearly every day, she never allowed one to pass without a letter—no fond and foolish effusion, be it understood, but a kind of epistolary examination paper, to test the progress he was

He wished now that he had got up his Buckle more thoroughly during his voyage on the *Boomerang*—and, with the name, his arrangement with the manager suddenly rose to his recollection. What had he done with that book of Time Cheques? If he could only get away, if but for a quarter of an hour; if he could really exchange all that for the sunniness and warmth



THE LEAVE-TAKING.

From "*The Primes and Their Neighbors*." (Copyright, 1891, by D. Appleton & Co.)

making. This one contained some searching questions on Buckle's "*History of Civilization*," which he was expected to answer by return of post. He was not supposed to look at the book, though he had; and even then he felt himself scarcely better fitted to floor the tremendous posers devised by Sophia's unwearying care.

The day before, he had had "search-questions" in English poetry from Chaucer to Mr. Lewis Morris, which had thinned and whitened his hair; but this was, if possible, even worse.

and delicious idleness which had once seemed so tedious, what a rest it would be!

The first thing was to find the cheque-book, which did not take him long.

So, although he had little real confidence that anything would happen at all, he drew a cheque, and slipped it behind the frivolous and rather incorrect little ormolu clock upon his chimney-piece.

The result was instantaneous, and altogether beyond his expectations! The four walls of his

room assumed the transparency of gauze for a second, before fading entirely away; the olive glow changed to translucent blue; there was a briny breath in the air, and he himself was leaning upon the rail at the forward end of the hurricane-deck of the *Boomerang*, which was riding with a slow and stately rise and fall over the heaving swell.

Color and Shape of Horses.

From "*Riding and Polo*," in *Badminton Library*.
(*Little, Brown & Co.*)

At the present day, though certain men have prejudices with regard to the color of their horses, there are no hard and fast rules laid down by authorities as to what color should be avoided and what chosen. Three hundred years ago this was considered a very important point, it being supposed that, according to its color, a horse was influenced by the four elements—earth, air, fire and water—another quaint theory long extinct. Horses that had more of the earth than of the rest were by disposition "melancholic, heavy and faint-hearted, and of color black, russet, bright or dark dunne." The horse that was influenced for the most part by the watery element was most commonly white, and he, it was said, usually showed himself to be phlegmatic, slow and dull. The bay, pleasant and nimble, was of the air; the bright sorrel was of the fire, and he was choleric and fiery, but seldom of great strength. The best colors were thought to be those in which the various elements mingled, an equal share of each making the best horse, and the colors of such animals were brown bay, dapple gray, black full of silver hairs or a fair roan; bright and dark bays were also thought to be particularly good. Black points were regarded as desirable, but very various qualities were supposed to be indicated by white markings, particularly on the feet. How the intricate ideas on this subject arose is a very curious consideration. Thus, horses were esteemed if they had a white off fore foot, or white near hind foot, or both hind feet white, but the white was not to be above the pasterns, "for that were an evil sign betokening diviltrie." The seven bad points were a white near fore foot, a white off (Blundevill calls it "farre") hind foot, both fore feet white, two white feet on the same side, near fore and near hind, or the reverse.

As for shape—and the old writer, in some way seeming to contradict his theories; admits the obvious fact that a horse, however well colored and marked, is of little worth unless his shape be good—the ancient rules agree for the most part with the opinions of to-day. When perfect shoulders are described as "long, large and full of flesh," the term long and large probably implies well sloped; but the necessity of fulness of flesh is less apparent, nor is the "large and round breast" now considered essential; and again, the summary which states that "his whole head together should be like a sheeps head," is open to argument. The type is recognizable in many old pictures, but a horse's head is not now considered perfect the more closely it resembles the head of the sheep. A poet of the saddle, the late Major Whyte Melville, had a different theory. His perfect horse was to have

A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman—bright, gentle and brown;
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift you smack over a town.

What Is Love?

From *Crawford's "Khaled, a tale of Arabia."*
(*Macmillan.*)

"You must love me, as I love you, if you would save me from destruction," said Khaled.

Though Zehowah could not comprehend the meaning of the words, she saw by his face that he was terribly moved, and she herself began to be more sorry for him.

"Indeed, Khaled," she said, "I will try to love you from this hour. But it is a hard thing, because you cannot explain it, and it is not easy to learn what cannot be explained. Do you think that all women love their husbands in this way you mean? Am I unlike all the rest?"

Khaled took her hand and held it, and looked into her eyes.

"Love is the first mystery of the world," he said. "Death is the second. Between the two there is nothing but a weariness darkened with shadows and thick with mists. What is gold? A cinder that glows in the darkness for a moment and falls away to a cold ash in our hand when we have taken it. But love is a treasure which remains. What is renown? A cry uttered in the bazar by men whose minds are subject to change as their bodies are to death. But the voice of love is heard in paradise, singing beside the fountains Tasnim and Salsabil. What is power? A net with which to draw wealth and fame from the waters of life? To what end? We must die. Or is power a sword to kill our enemies? If their time is come they will die without the sword. Or is it a stick to purify the hides of fools? The fool will die also, like his master, and both will be forgotten. But they who love shall enter the seventh heaven together, according to the promise of Allah. Death is stronger than man or woman, but love is stronger than death, and all else is but a vision seen in the desert, having no reality."

"I will try to understand it, for I see that you are very unhappy," said Zehowah.

She was silent after this, for Khaled's words were earnest and sank into her soul. Yet the more she tried to imagine what the passion in him could be like, the less she was able to understand it, for some of Khaled's actions had been foolish, but she supposed that there must have been some wisdom in them, having its foundation in the nature of love.

"What he says is true," she thought. "I married him in order to give my people a just and brave king, and he is both brave and just. And I am certainly a good wife, for I should be dissolved in shame if another man were to see my face, and moreover I am careful of his wants, and I take his keyfieh from his head with my own hands, and smooth the cushions for him and bring him food and drink when he desires it. Or have I withheld from him any of the treasures of the palace, or stood in the way of his taking another wife? Until to-day, I thought indeed that this talk of love meant but little, but that he spoke of it because he desired an excuse for marrying Almasta who loves him. But when I said at a venture that he wished to make me jealous, he confessed the truth. Now all the tales of love told by the old women are of young persons who have seen each other from a distance, but are hindered from marrying. And we are already married. Surely, it is very hard to understand."

Studying Birds With Profit and Delight.

From Grant's "Our Common Birds." (Scribner.)

A THIRD, and for an indolent nature an extremely pleasant, method of studying birds is to seek some spot which possesses peculiarly attractive features for them, and whither they are accustomed to resort in great numbers, and there, properly sheltered, seat yourself and quietly wait for what may come within the range of your vision. I have in mind two localities that have always proved wonderfully rich in bird-life. One is a bluff, perhaps forty feet in height, rather steep, and with a number of good-sized forest trees growing upon its slope. Rolling fields spread backwards from its brow, and at its foot runs a line of shrubbery, somewhat thicket-like in character and forming a sort of natural hedge, which fittingly bounds a boggy meadow beyond. Several small springs issue from the sides of this declivity and trickle down in gentle streams until lost in the ditches which intersect the meadow. Meadowlarks, Blackbirds, Marsh Wrens, Bitterns, Bobolinks and an occasional Duck frequent the lowland. In the upland, the Cowbird, the Robin and the Song Sparrow disport themselves; into the trees and shrubs upon the bluff come Woodpeckers, Thrushes, Orioles, Catbirds, Flycatchers and Warblers, and all of these, and indeed more than I have named, take turns in visiting the springs and rivulets; now indulging in a hasty bath, now daintily slaking their thirst, now breaking forth into song, now making love, and now, must it be confessed, waging war, all utterly unconscious of the observer, who, reclining upon a mossy bank, or sitting motionless upon a log or stump, or leaning fixedly against the trunk of some friendly tree, is watching with intense interest the scenes of sylvan life unwittingly enacted before him.

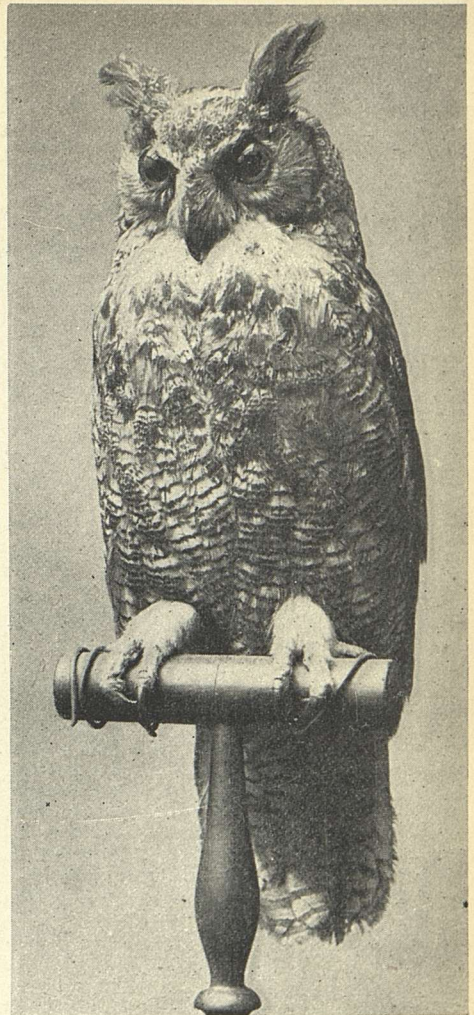
Such is one of the favored spots. The other is an old, deserted and gone-to-ruin apple-orchard, far from any habitation, except a few scattering farm-houses. This orchard is skirted on three sides by forest trees, and on the remaining side by a swamp, which is a tangle of alders and other water-loving growths. Here may be seen the Orchard Oriole, the Black-billed Cuckoo, the Indigo-bird, the Summer Redbird, the Towhee, the Redstart, the American Goldfinch, Wrens, Thrashers, Vireos, and numerous other varieties of birds in great profusion. It was at this place that a friend of the writer pitched a tent, and, with his dog as his only companion, spent four delightful months, solitary, indeed, except for an occasional visit from a few of his acquaintances who were lovers enough of Nature to be willing to accept in her service the limited, but by no means comfortless, accommodations of a canvas house and a somewhat rudimentary couch. It was the writer's good fortune to be reckoned among the favored ones, and the days spent there in delightful rambles and the evenings passed in luxurious repose will linger long in the memory.

Sheep Shearing.

From Roberts' "Down the O-Hi-O." (McClurg.)

SHEEP-SHEARING, that annual spring harvest of the Southern Ohio farmer, was even at that early hour in brisk operation at Jazar Frost's.

There was a clicking of shears which might have been heard by a keen-eared listener fully



THE HOOT OWL.

From "Our Common Birds." (Copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

fifty yards away from the ample barn, and indeed was heard: for Kit, her senses all alert, was soon attracted thither.

The wide barn floor had been swept of every vestige of dirt, and upon it knelt half a dozen men, each with a sheep before him, and each intent on separating the patient animal from the white wool which rolled from his shears in a less number of minutes than his comrades could effect the like feat.

Jazar Frost, himself occupying one corner of the floor, was engaged in folding and binding up the fleeces upon a large table—an occupation technically known as "tying wool." He was a broad old man, of perhaps sixty-five years, quite hearty and strong-looking, with a ruddy complexion and a very small tuft of sandy gray whiskers at either ear.

A grim smile played about his mouth as he folded the white wool into great squares, tied them securely, and carried them to be stored in the wool-room near by, meanwhile listening to

and sometimes jocosely answering the jests of the shearers.

"Tommy tried to catch an easy one this time," said one of the latter, slyly calling attention to a youthful and less experienced brother, who had indiscreetly selected an old ram from the flock at the door, and was making but slow headway in removing his yellow coat.

The speaker did not in the least slacken the play of his own shears, nor, apparently, take his eyes from his work.

"Did Tommy get a leather coat?" laughed another, forgetting himself for a moment in the enjoyment of the joke and pausing, but instantly resuming his work.

"Why, Tommy, I should have thought thee would have learned better than that at Paxallen's; thee won't make paying wages at eight cents a head. Tommy sheared 'most all Paxallen's sheep this year, didn't thee, Tommy?"

"Old David Paxallen told me," said another, "that he allowed to send Jennie away from home next sheep-shearin'; Tommy and a lot of these young fellows crowded in so early to shear his sheep that the old hands hadn't a chance, and the wool was put up too rough."

There was a loud chorus of laughter at this bit of fiction.

"I think Jazar intends to give me a quarter for this one," said Tommy, choosing the less disagreeable of the two topics of conversation, and speaking in a tone of well-assumed confidence.

"Give thee a quarter?" repeated Jazar, stopping midway between his table and the wool-room, with an immense square of white fleece poised on his extended hands, and with his accustomed grim smile. "Give thee a quarter! I should think I ought to charge thee a quarter for letting thee learn. See how thee has cut him too," he pursued, pointing to one or two spots where the sharp shears had slightly nipped the flesh. "How would thee like to have thy hide cut up that way?"

"That's the way with these old farmers," said Joe Aiken, the best and fastest shear in the neighborhood, coming to Tommy's assistance; "they get a Vermont sheep with wool full of yolk, and three square yards of surplus skin, and as wrinkled as the devil, and expect a man to shear ten pounds of wool off 'em for seven cents, an' never scratch 'em."

"I take notice Joe don't shear as many of these as he used to of the old-fashioned, bare-legged kind," said another; "that's what hurts him."

"I hear that Joe used to shear ninety a day," said the first speaker.

"Well, it wasn't much to shear the kind of sheep they had then," was the rejoinder of a shearer; "the wool only grew on a little spot on the top of their backs, and they just pulled that off with their hands, didn't they, Joe? Never used the shears at all."

Joe disdained to answer this interrogatory, and turned loose a sheep he had shorn. With a despairing bawl it sprang completely over a stooping shearer, and ran toward a frightened group of denuded comrades huddled in the farther recesses of the barn-yard.

Jazar Frost, turning to look after the skurrying sheep, saw Kit standing at one side of the wide door-way—little Kit, in all the glory of auburn curls and blue ribbon, radiant in the consciousness of her very uncommon appearance.

I Prove Myself an Englishman.

From Baring-Gould's "In Troubadour Land." (Pott.)

I GOT into trouble at Narbonne.

As I was walking on the platform of the station, a man in plain clothes with very blue eyes came to me, touched his hat, and asked if he might be honored with a few words privately. When we were by ourselves, "Monsieur," said he, "I must request you to show me your papers and allow me to identify you. I am the *chef* of the secret police down here. Will you come to my office and bring your luggage?"

"Certainly, delighted to make your acquaintance. I will get my Gladstone bag, and my roll of rugs in a moment. There is—a hurdy-gurdy—"

"I know there is," said the *chef* sternly. "It is that *vielle* that is suspicious."

So all my luggage was conveyed to the office of the police. I showed no concern, but laughed and joked.

"What countryman do you say you are?"

"English."

"Impossible. You have not the English accent when you speak. It is rather German than anything else."

"You think I am a German?"

"But certainly. Your bag has a German address on it, written in German characters."

So it had. I had been in Germany before going to Rome, and had never removed the address, which, as he said, was in German characters. I explained, but the *chef* was unsatisfied. I became now convinced that he thought I was a spy.

"Here are German newspapers and a German book in your bag!" said the *chef*.

"Certainly. Why not? I have been in Germany."

"Yet you say you are English?"

"Here is my passport." I extended one to him. He looked at it, shook his head, and said: "It is a very old one of 1867." That was true, and I had not had it *viséd* since. "Then," said the *chef*, "this passport is for you and your wife. Where is the wife?"

"Minding the babies. Thirteen of them—a handful," said I.

I had to produce card-case, letters, all of which the *chef* examined carefully, and yet he was not satisfied. Then, suddenly, a bright idea struck me. "Monsieur," said I, "I see what you take me to be. It is true I have been sketching in Narbonne and along the whole coast. Would you like to see my drawings? Here is the result of my studies in Narbonne; a very remarkable profile of a Narbonnaise girl, the face of a lady carved in the Cathedral, of another in the Museum, some sketches of children's clay toys found in Roman tombs, and sundry Gaul'sh and Moravian bronzes; also! yes, see, a bone tooth-comb, discovered among the remains of the fortifications."

The *chef* laughed, especially over the beauties of Narbonne, ran his eye through the book, took it over to his assistant to look at and laugh over the wonderful girls' faces, returned it to me, and let me off.

"And the *vielle*," said I, "what do you think of that?"

"Mais! with the *vielle* over your shoulder, and that book of sketches and thirteen babies—*assurément*—you could only be an Englishman."

Alone in the Beautiful World.

From Bernhard's "The Rector of St. Luke's."
(Worthington.)

ALONG the extreme edge of the park ran a narrow, secluded path; Annie walked along this until she came to a ditch, which was half filled with last year's dead leaves. A little, somewhat rickety bridge led across it and directly to a swollen lattice door, which Annie's hands opened with some difficulty. Now she was alone, quite alone in one of the most remote, unknown parts of the park. Here there were no views, no temples and rustic summer-houses, but the solitary wanderer cared for none of these. Young birches stood at the edge of the path, and tossed their gay, green flags gaily in the mild May air; beyond were groups of large beeches and elms, and at her feet was a flowery white carpet. The wind-flowers, the lovely anemones in hundreds, kissed awake by the May sunbeams, formed it. Radiantly fresh and spotless they smiled up at the blue heaven, some still half unfolded, slowly loosening one petal after another from the bud. There were no other flowers blooming here; the green leaves of the Maybells stood in the deepest shade, but their blossoms were still tiny and light green; they had not yet opened their merry eyes. The air was permeated by a spicy odor of the fresh perfume of the young foliage, which, cooled by the night air, warmed by the sun, sent into the hearts of men the old, ever new announcement of spring, which promised to heal all wounds, alleviate all griefs.

Annie stooped and plucked a handful of anemones and fastened them in her gown. Ah, how delightful was the solitude in the midst of the budding nature! If only Hedwig, dear, sweet Hedwig, would not come to-day; if she only might be alone!

But no, she cannot. A noise disturbs the deep pervading silence, as if something drew near on a light trot upon the soft earth; a short panting, then he bent round the nearest group of trees, the handsome, intelligent Newfoundland; he stood still, laid his head a little on one side, and wagged his bushy tail, as if to say, "I know who you are, but let us wait a little."

"Ego!" With shaking knees, with pausing heart-beats, Annie gasped out the word. It is surely not possible, just to-day, here! Have her incessant thoughts, her longing, tormented heart, brought to her him who now slowly strides toward her?

As yet he does not see her; his broad-brimmed hat pressed down over his forehead, he comes along in deep thought, and starts when he sees the dog in the midst of the way.

But then —

He forgot as a polite man to take off his hat to the lady. Violently he hurries up to her, seizes both her hands, looks her straight in the eyes, and softly calls her name; "Annie!"

She is no longer frightened and excited.

He is beside her, holds her hands fast in his,



ANNIE FASTENED A HANDFUL OF ANEMONES IN HER GOWN
From "The Rector of St. Luke's." (Copyright, 1891, by The Worthington Co.)

he looks at her unchangingly; they two are alone in the beautiful, enchanting May world—it should be so!

For Scholars Only.

From Briggs' "Original Charades." (Scribner.)

My first and my second in order combin'd
No Roman — 'tis singular — ever declined,

The hero beloved from the south to the north
Could be anything else but my third and my fourth.

My whole is peculiar, but not too remote
For Worcester and Webster and Stormonth to note.

Darwin as a Father.

From Holder's "Charles Darwin." (Putnam.)

ONE might expect to find in a man whose daily life was a constant fight against suffering, and who worked with a regularity that was almost unparalleled, a break or flaw at times in the evenness of disposition, but Darwin's life was wonderful in its patience and example of loving-kindness to all, in its exhibition of gentleness. His married life was perfect in its tender realization of all that can come from the mingling of well-adapted natures. To his children, Darwin was indulgent and kind, tender and sympathetic; he early gained their full love and confidence and always retained it. That he made them the objects of his scientific investigations is shown by his great work, "The Expression of the Emotions;" yet that he had all the love and affection of the unscientific parent, is seen in the following extract from a letter written to a friend: "He (*i. e.* the baby) is so charming that I cannot pretend to any modesty. I defy anybody to flatter us on our baby, for I defy any one to say anything in its praise of which we are not fully conscious. . . . I had not the smallest conception there was so much in a five-months' baby. You will perceive by this that I have a fine degree of paternal fervor." His son Francis states that he does not remember ever hearing his father speak an angry word, yet the children never thought of disobeying him. "I well remember," says his son, "one occasion when my father reproved me for a piece of carelessness; and I can still recall the feeling of depression which came over me, and the care which he took to disperse it by speaking to me soon afterwards with especial kindness. He kept up his delightful, affectionate manner towards us all his life. I sometimes wonder that he could do so, with such an undemonstrative race as we are; but I hope he knew how much we delighted in his loving words and manner. How often, when a man, I have wished when my father was behind my chair, that he would pass his hand over my hair, as he used to do when I was a boy. He allowed his grown-up children to laugh with and at him, and was, generally speaking, on terms of perfect equality with us."

How Ladies Play Whist.

From Arlo Bates' "Book O' Nine Tales."

(Roberts.)

Mrs. V. You can't do that; can she Colonel Graham?

Colonel G. It isn't customary.

Mr. T. Oh, who wants to play the stiff club rules? I don't; there isn't any fun in whist if you are going to be so particular.

Miss V. Whose lead is it now?

Colonel G. If it isn't yours, it must be Mr. Talbot's, as you decide about that trick.

Mr. T. Then I'll lead a spade, and you can trump it.

Miss V. There, that's better than having that trump wasted on your ace.

Mrs. V. Did you ever play Stop? We played it last summer at Bar Harbor. It's a Western game, and you have chips, just like poker; and then you stop it if you have the stop cards; and sometimes you'll have the meanest little cards left in your hands, and if it is the ace of

diamonds you have to pay five chips for it, or the king, or the queen, or the knave, or the ten; not so much of course, but it all counts up awfully fast.

Mr. T. Why, that is ever so much like Sixty-six. Do you remember the time we tried to play Sixty-six on the Bar Harbor boat, Miss Vaughn?

Miss V. Oh yes, and Ethel Mott *was* such fun. She just could cheat, and there was no stopping her.

Colonel G. It is your lead Miss Vaughn.

Mrs. V. Oh, just wait a moment. I want to know if fourth best has anything to do with playing fourth hand?

Colonel G. Nothing whatever.

Mr. T. Oh, fourth best is one of those things they've put in to make whist scientific. For my part, I don't think there's any fun.—

Miss V. That's just what I say. When I play whist I want to have a good time, and not feel as if I were going through an examination at a scientific school. Oh, did you know we are going to have a whist figure at Janet Graham's german, Mr. Talbot? Wont that be fun?

Colonel G. It is your lead, Miss Vaughn.

Miss V. Why, did I take the last trick? What shall I—oh, I know—the ace of clubs.

Mrs. V. The two-spot of diamonds ought to be good for that.

Miss V. How horrid! now the rest of my clubs arn't any good. Well, any way, I can throw them away.

Mrs. V. Have hearts been led?

Mr. T. I'm sure I can't remember.

Miss V. (*examining tricks*). Yes, here's one heart trick.

Mrs. V. Well, I must lead it, and I'm sure I don't remember about it at all. I'll lead a small one. Was that right, Colonel Graham?

Colonel G. You might have led your knave.

Mrs. V. Why, how did you know I had the knave. I declare, it's like witchcraft, the way you keep run of the cards. I suppose you know where every card is. Who took that?

Colonel G. I did.

Mr. T. I ought to have trumped that, but I do hate to trump second hand.

Colonel G. But you played suit.

Mr. T. So I did. I forgot that.

Colonel G. (*showing hand*). The rest of the tricks are mine.

Miss V. Why, I have the king and queen of clubs, and you havn't a club in your hand.

Colonel G. That is why the tricks are mine. I can keep the lead to the end. I am very sorry Mrs. Vaughn; but I am suddenly attacked with a nervous headache, so that I cannot possibly go on playing. I shall have to ask to be excused.

Mrs. V. Oh, don't break up the game when we are getting along so well.

Colonel G. I am very sorry; but I must go. I have enjoyed the game extremely.

Miss V. I'm sure we didn't have anything on our side at all. I hate whist anyway; you have to be so quiet, and study on it so.

Mr. T. Yes, I think it's awfully hard work.

Colonel G. Oh, you'll have better luck next time. Good-by; don't rise.

[*And the Colonel goes to the club to relieve his mind by a quantity of vigorous expletives, and then to settle down to an evening of what he calls real whist.*]

Pomona and a Real Live Earl.

From Stockton's "The Rudder Grangers in England."
(Scribner.)

"WELL, my good woman," says he, a holdin' my open letter in his hand, 'so you want to see a lord, do you?'"

"What on earth did you write to him?" exclaimed Euphemia. "You musn't go on a bit further-until you have told what was in your letter."

"Well," said Pomona, "as near as I can remember, it was like this: 'William, Lord Cobden. Earl of Sorsetshire an' Derry. Dear Sir. Bein' brought up in Republican institutions, in the land of the free—I left out 'the home of the brave,' because their wasn't no use crowin' about that jus' then—I *havn't* had no opportunity of meetin' with a individual of lordly blood. Ever since I was a small girl takin' books from the circulatin' libery, an' obliged to read out loud with divided sillerbles, I've drank in every word of the tales of lords and other nobles of high degree, that the little shops where I gen'rally got my books, an' some with the pages out at the most excitin' parts contained. An' so I asks you now, Sir Lord—I did put humbly, but I scratched that out, bein' an American woman—to do me the favor of a short audience. Then, when I reads about noble earls an' dukes in their brilliant lit halls an' castles, or mounted on their champin' chargers, a-leadin' their trusty hordes to victory amid the glittering minarets of fame, I'll know what they looks like.' An' then I signed my name."

"Yes sir," says I, in answer to his earlship's question," said Pomona, taking up her story, "I did want to see one, upon my word."

"I suppose you represent the middle class in your country?" said his earlship.

"I don't know 'zactly where society splits with us," says I, "but I guess I'm somewhere nigh the crack."

"Now don't you really believe," says he, "that you and the people of your class would be happier an' feel safer, politically speakin', if they had among em' a aristocracy to which they could look up to in times of trouble, as their nat'ral born gardeners? I ask yer this because I want to know for myself what are the real sentiments of yer people."

"Well, sir," says I, "when your work is done, an' your kitchen cleaned up, an' your lamp lit, a lord or a duke is jus' tip-top to read about, if the type aint too fine, an' the paper mean beside, which it often is in the ten-cent books; but, further than this, I must say, we aint got no use for 'em." At that he kind o' steps back, and looks as if he was goin' to say somethin', but I puts in quick: "But you musn't think, my earl," says I, "that we undervallers you. When we remembers the field of Agincourt, and Chevy Chase, an' the Tower of London, with the block on which three lords was beheaded, with the very cuts in it which the headsman made when he chopped 'em off, as well as two crooked ones a-showin' his bad licks, which little did he think history would preserve forever; an' the old Guildhall, where down in the ancient crypt is a-hangin' our Declaration of Independance, along with the Roman pots and kittles dug up in London streets, we can't forgit that if it hadn't a been for your old ancestral lines as roots, we'd never been the florurishin' tree we is."

"Well," said his earlship, when I'd got through, an' he kind o' looked as if he didn't

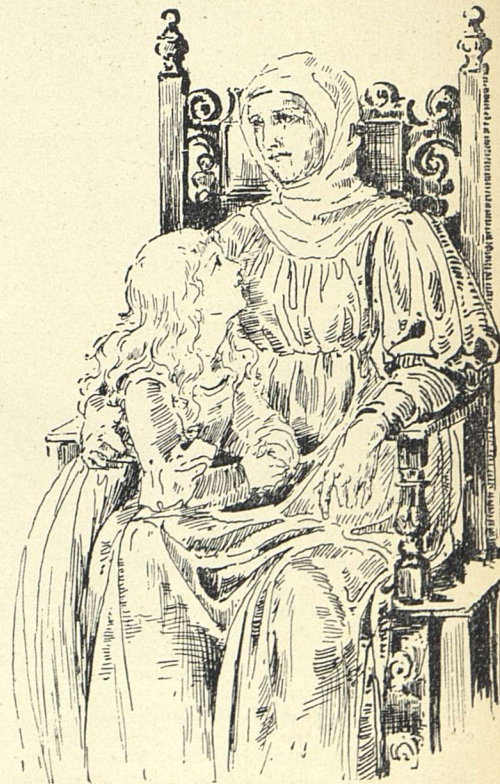
know whether to laugh or not, if you represent the feelin's of your class in your country, I reckon they're not just ready for a aristocracy yit."

"An' with that he give me a little nod, an' walked off into another room."

Sweet William.

(McClurg.)

A GOOD child's book is always fascinating to older readers, and "Sweet William" by Margerite Bouvet has all the elements of this fascination. It is a poetically told tale of the old Normandy in the far away days of chivalry, always so interesting to young sympathies. There is a wicked Duke who slays his brother through jealousy, and two pretty motherless children who have a strange, eventful career. One is for many years kept a prisoner in the tower, the other is the delight of the old Norman court. In the end the children who read the story are delighted to hear that the Duke had by mistake imprisoned his own son. There is a bewitching little girl heroine, Lady Constance, who plays an important part in the lives of the little heroes and brightens the pretty tale with her sunshiny ways. The book is beautified with illustrations by Margaret and Helen Armstrong, which add much to the spirited text. Any one taking this book in her summer outfit and reading it to children some rainy afternoon, will find time slip by delightfully, and will make many little heads and hearts very happy.



LITTLE CONSTANCE.

From "Sweet William." (Copyright, 1890, by A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A Morning Bath at Nantucket.

From Calvert's "A Modern Rosalind."

(Rand, McNally & Co.)

THE sun rose from the sea in golden pomp and wonder, somewhat after four o'clock of an August morning. The Island of Nantucket lay in his way, thrusting upon his more immediate attention the little village of Siasconset on its eastern rim. The sun, contrary to his impartial wont, appeared this morning to regard the island and the village with particular heed. To the casual observer from the bluff, it would seem that he rose for them alone, that his superb splendor was concentrated here. And with further speciality of intention, he singled out one cottage on the bluff-edge, one window in this cottage, one corner of the room to which the window appertained, and sent a dazzling refulgent beam of gold full in the face of a sleeping maiden. She stirred slightly, but slept on. The beam crescent, was redoubled, tripled, quadrupled. The maiden stirred again, and softly sighed. Still the beam grew and applied itself with five—with six-fold brilliance. Now, at last, she woke; her eyes opened lazily; she emitted a half-yawn, and began as if to turn her back upon this radiant impertinence. But it was too late. The lifting of her fringed lids had let into her eyes the lustrous, golden glory of that morning sun.

With a bound, her slipperless feet touched the floor and she was at the window. She seized, passing, a thick chamber-gown of white and yellow, wherein she wrapped herself. The sun—satisfied with the revelation of her eyes, which he found the match of his own in color and as dazzling in their due proportion—spread his arms wide to the world once more, and went on with his proper business of making fine sunrises to the front, and fine sunsets to rearward.

The young woman whom he had roused from her slumbers, found the array before her ample compensation for her lost beauty-sleep. The gorgeously of the gold gave place on either flank to the graver splendor of lavender, which deepened into purple at the bounds of the molten sea and paled to pale heliotrope in the sky above.

The girl looked, drank it in, reflected its radiance on her radiant face. She sprang to her door and demanded "Martha!" Martha came. It was her bathing-suit she wanted, and shortly—with a run across the loose sand, a header into the low breaker—she was swimming out on the flat swells, in the golden path the sun had prepared for his coming. Now forward with strong strokes, now idly floating, with happy half-closed eyes, she revelled in the coolness and the color, the solitude, the freshness of the early day.

At the Swivlle Club.

From Sims' "Tinkletop's Crime, and Other Stories."
(Webster.)

MR. BYZANTIUM, than whom a more pleasant and agreeable and thoroughly unassuming gentleman was not to be found in literary circles, was on this August afternoon with his back to the wall, stoutly defending his publishers against all comers.

"I grant there are wicked publishers," he remarked; "I grant that authors are frequently shamefully treated; for this reason have we not started a 'Society of Authors,' the members of

which bind themselves by solemn oath never to part with a manuscript unless they are guaranteed the entire profits, less five per cent. for the publisher's board and lodging? I grant that much which my brother Swivvlers have urged against the trade is true in substance and in fact; but I still maintain that my publishers, Messrs. Chatter and Pumpus, are honest and fair-dealing, and, what is more, extremely generous men."

There was a slight interruption in the corner of the room; a tall, intellectual-looking young man of about thirty had risen to his feet, and insisted upon speaking. All eyes were turned in his direction. "Silence for Horsman Gaunt," cried the Swivvlers. Thus encouraged, Mr. Horsman Gaunt delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen, I beg to endorse every word that my friend Walter Byzantium has said on behalf of his publishers, but I dare to add that mine are equally generous. For my last novel, 'It,' Messrs. Shortmans have paid me the magnificent sum of £5000; for my next work, which will deal with the adventures of a masher in Central Africa, and which will be called 'The Man with the Eyeglass,' I am to receive £10,000. I have five new works now in my head, and I reckon that these will bring me in at least £100,000."

There was a pause as though the entire assembly were silently working out a sum in mental arithmetic.

Then a handsome young fellow, over whose curly brown hair some five-and-twenty summers had passed, a lad whom none of the company knew, he having come in that afternoon as the guest of a member, who had never been there before, startled the company by exclaiming:

"And will they all be about Africa?"

"All," replied Mr. Horsman Gaunt: "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.*"

The Swivvlers laughed at the epigram, but the sarcasm told home.

Presently a gentleman connected with the *Friday Review* murmured under his breath, "I should have thought he had used up his African experiences by this time."

The words were spoken in a low tone of voice, but they reached the ears of Horsman Gaunt.

"The last speaker surmises correctly," he exclaimed, a look of scorn curling his lower lip; "but my new books will contain my new experiences. I leave for Africa to-morrow, and my new works will all be written on the spot."

Going South.

From A. Mary F. Robinson's "Lyrics." (Stokes.)

A LITTLE gray swallow
I fled to the vales
Of the nightingales
And the haunts of Apollo.

Behind me lie the sheer white cliffs, the hollow
Green waves that break at home, the northern gales,
The oaks above the homesteads in the vales,
For all my home is far, and cannot follow.

O nightingale voices!
O lemons in flower!
O branches of laurel!

You all are here, but ah! not here my choice is;
Fain would I pluck one pink-veined bloom of sorrel,
Or watch the wrens build in our hazel bower.

Any book or article mentioned in this paper supplied at the shortest notice.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING,

Mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes.

For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

THE NEW NOVELS.

- Allen (Grant), *The great taboo*, pap., 40c.....Harper
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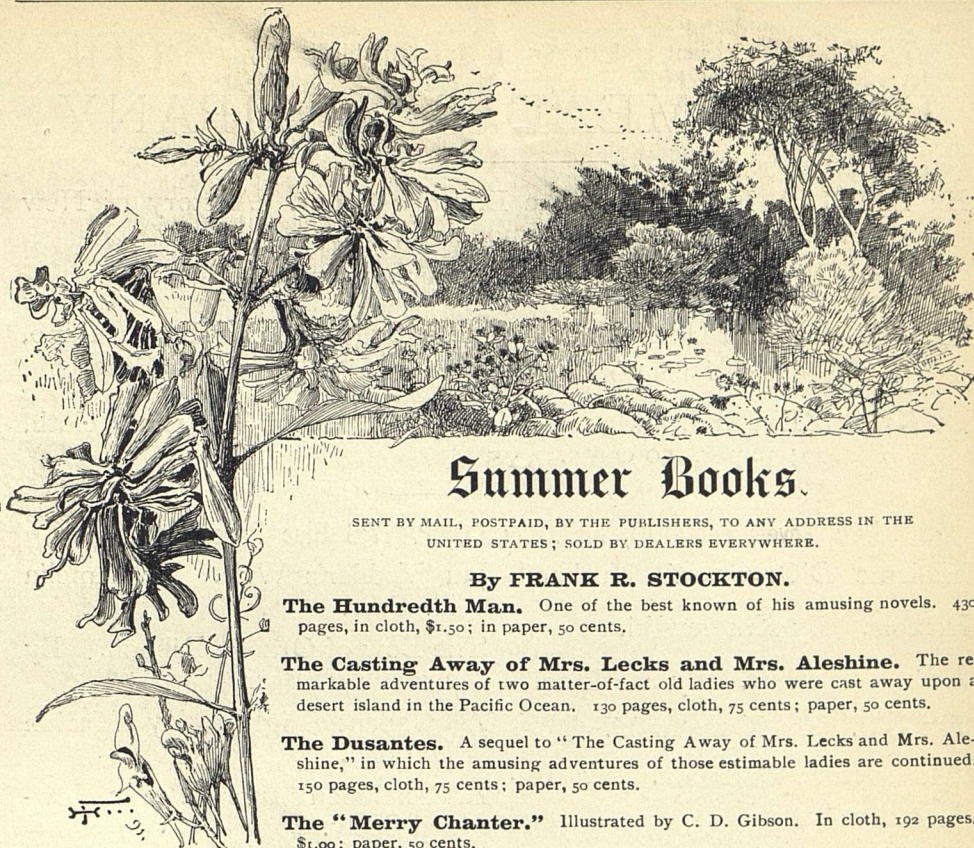
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